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T H E  
C R I S I S.

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N U M B E R LXIV. *To be continued Weekly,*  
DURING THE PRESENT BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

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SATURDAY, *April 6, 1776,* [Price Two-pence Halfpenny]

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† G A R D N E R ' s G H O S T ,

A prophetic Ballad found in *Merlin's Cave, Richmond.*



E T *little* villains conscience gor'd,  
Their fable vigils keep!  
GEORGE on his downy pillow snor'd:  
(How R---l v-----s sleep!)

An hour ere day began to break,  
There *Gardner's spectre* stood:  
The curtain shook,---it cried---" awake,  
" Awake,---thou log of wood.

" Thy veins hath apathy congeal'd,  
" Unthaw'd by pity's tear,  
" One spark a flinty heart may yield,  
" Struck with the steel of FEAR!

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† Colonel *Gardner* a gentleman of a most amiable character, and respectable family, in the Massachuset's Bay; slain by the tory army at Charles Town, 17th of June, 1775.

" Yet



" Yes know,---that h--d so proud in crest,  
 " Sunk on the sygnet's plume,  
 " Shall for the A-E and B---k be dress'd,  
 " Shall meet a *Charles's* doom;

" Or, crouch'd in abject, care worn plight  
 " Beneath it's sorrows low,  
 " Its bread by day---its rest by night,  
 " To Bourbon's mercy owe.

" Speak tyrant, which of Stuarts race  
 " Could match thy bloody work ?  
 " Go read when \* Stafford was in place ;  
 " A † Jeffries, and a ‡ Kirk.

" Then failing history's *modern* page,  
 " Skill'd in her *ancient* lore,  
 " Tell us if Nero in this age,  
 " If ¶ Boiga could do more ?

" Monster dismiss your ¶ white rose clans,  
 " The impious task forbear !  
 " Nor in their blood embrue those hands,  
 " Who plac'd a sceptre there !

" That liberty you now invade  
 " Gave you your ONYL right,  
 " Thus in their sons our fires are paid,  
 " While you for Scotchmen fight.

" Satan for thee sunk deep in Hell  
 " Shall forge his hottest tongs ;  
 " And fiends who gard his inmost cell,  
 " Twine Scorpeons round their thongs.

" But hark !-----I hear th' ill-omen'd cock.  
 " *The Gallic sun shall rise !*  
 " *Lo ¶ commerce founders on yon rock !*  
 " *The British Lion dies.*

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\* Earl of Stafford, temp. car. 1. † Judge Jeffries, the Mansfield of the last age,  
 ‡ General Kirk, that master piece of inhumanity.  
 ¶ Cæsar Borgia, if possible more cruel than the emperor Nero. ¶ Query, are those  
 of the *white* or the *red* rose rebels---ask the petitioning inhabitants of Manchester,  
 Lancaster, and Leicester.  
 ¶ The Prophecy,



GEORGE felt the dream, fetch'd many a shriek,  
 And tho' the ghost is gone,  
 Starts from his bed,----still hears it speak,  
 A cold,---damp sweat comes on.

With---that like Gloster in his tent,  
 He casts him on the ground,  
 And by these words seems to repent,  
 " Boston,--- \* bind up my wound

" Just Heav'n give back the blood I've spilt,  
 " My subjects lives restore ;  
 " He wakes and to atone his guilt,  
 " Bids Gage go butcher more,

**R**EVOLVE your annals of mankind, and say, ye historians, which is the most horrible scene you have exhibited ! the proscriptions of Rome, when three monsters twice marked the heads of their fellow citizens for destruction, condemned unheard.

When the most *virtuous* of Rome's defenders were MASSACRED, then the throne of the Cæsars was established, and the world was given up to the tyranny of the Emperors, whose ministers were informers, and whose soldiers executioners,

The fate of England is like thine? already has been heard the sound of proscription; she has already informers in her bosom, an informer || blackned the worthy Dr. Franklin---and her patricians were diverted with the barbarous mirth of the informer, instead of abhorring him; as patricians, under Nero and Domition, smiled when good men were exposed to wild beasts in the Amphitheatre. The same *informer*, who is also a renegade, is prepared with further and bloodier prosecutions, he has described and *proscribed* those marked for sacrifice; he has already laid in caveats for excepting the chief patriots of *America* from pardon. He said there would be exceptions. So vengeance is determined, before the guilty are even known; that is Scotch jacobites have determined that the ghosts of so many of their countrymen who suffered in the rebellion, shall be appeased with the blood of immolated patriots---and the house of Hanover is to give up its friends to their revenge !

\* See Shakespear's Richard the 3d. || Governor Hutchinson.



No rebellion has been proved on America, the greatest lawyers are divided in opinion whether the smallest degree has been committed---yet proscription is the word---and orders are already dispatched for seizing the victims. Americans are to be dragged across the Atlantic to be tried here---and not by juries---for here they have not, they cannot have *their peers*. The informer is ready to prosecute them---he has marked the criminals, tho' they are not yet accused---is this law? is this England?---they are sent for---who are? let us know to whom this command for seizing is given?---to a general---not to civil officers, is not this military law? citizens who have assembled to petition the king and parliament for justice and redress of grievances, are to be seized by a commander in chief and sent over hither---not to be tried---they cannot be tried here, they have not their peers here; these petitioners are already excepted from pardon by the informer---and since he has *solicited*, let him forever wear the infamous title of informer general.

Do we wonder at these shocking proceedings? when every jacobite is taken into favour, when every outlaw is pardoned and recalled, when *Shebbeare*, the defamer of the revolution and of the house of *Hanover*, is pensioned, when the brother and nephew of lord *Dunbar*, the Pretenders prime minister are in high trust, when the Pretender himself may be said to direct our councils, who can be surprized that war is declared against the Colonies? would not the Pretender naturally turn our swords against each other? can we think that so unnatural a civil war is not the effect of his and his creatures councils? *divide et impera*; while we were united, could he hope to succeed? is it not a proof that his agents have influence, when we are on our knees to France, and proscribe our countrymen! fatal infatuation! blind besotted England! miserable merchants, ye petitioning scorned, rejected, merchants! fly, fly, with your wives and children---ruin will over take you---nobody listens to your prayers! you may be excepted from pardon, like your petitioning brethren in America, you are as culpable as they, for you have begged not to be undone.

Jefferies, (*i. e.* Mansfield,) who will be courageous if *America* is conquered, will begin his campaign, with *the informer general* at his elbow, to try the rebels of *the West*. How merry and full of jokes will be his letters to his brother *Dunbar*? how he will compare the sufferers to those

traytors



traytors Ruffel and Algernon Sidney ! old Lovats ghost will be propitiated by a hecatomb of whigs---and the two fields of Preston purified with English gore ; with what humour will he relate the embassy of Dr. Murray, while signing warrants for execution ! it will not be necessary in that Jovial hour of slaughter to employ a *Dun*, to take off Wilkes. Wilkes may be sworn, to have incited the Bostonians to rebellion ; and a General Kirk will not be wanting to tuck him up.

Vain bloody men ! you may for a while indulge your rage---but you are preparing your own downfall ; the revolution sprung from the blood of Ruffel and Sidney, as the liberty of Holland did from that of Count Egmont and Count Horne. Jefferies the first after his sanguinary campaign, was found pusillanimously disguised in an alehouse at Wapping ; Mansfield the second Jefferies is not a greater hero, and though he has raised a civil war in a more covert manner than his family and countrymen have commonly done, he will not escape with impunity. The oppressed colonies, the ruined merchantry, the country groaning with new burthens, and swarming with poor will demand his head and those of his accomplices.

All England must blush with shame to think with what alacrity our ministers hurried into a shameful peace with France, and into an unnatural civil war with our own countrymen---and both with the same view, of paving the way to despotism, in a reign which will be remembered as long as time endures, for the inglorious peace and the unnatural war with which it has stained our annals.

### TIBERIUS.

#### To English SOLDIERS.

**Y**OU are CITIZENS, and when the rights of the people are invaded, every honest SOLDIER, will consider himself as injured. It is your duty to defend the liberties of Old England, and to protect the people by whom you are maintained ; will you embrace your hands in the blood of your friends and brethren ? to assist in depriving them of more than life ; the inestimable blessing of freedom ? consider the unjustifiable use which has already been made of the military power. Plead not your orders to commit murder in cool blood.



Blood. You are empowered by no law of man, to put unarmed defenceless persons to death on the spot, and remember the law of God declares, you are to fear him, and to do violence to no man.

An Alphabetical Calalogne of a few of OLD ENGLAND's  
present Grievances.

America enslaving	Oppressions numberless
BUTE still living	Popery established
Constitution violated	Quacks, political, medical, and
Duties excessive	religious
Englishmen neglected	Rogues in the cabinet
Foreign troops in British pay	Scotchmen preferred
Great Britain disgraced	Taxes enormous
Honour no where	Usurpation not opposed
Ireland out-pensioned	VENGEANCE ASLEEP
Jacobites court favourites	Wigs dispised
King George deceived	Christianity declining
Luxury encouraged	Yokes preparing
Mansfield Lord Chief	Zealous court parasites every
National debt increasfing	where.

*Cum multis aliis.*

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